### RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

INTRODUCTORY. PERSONAL PRIENDSHIPS-THE OLD FOLIOS-BOOKS WHICH ARE TALKED ABOUT AND NOT READ-THE "SALLUST" OF CORTIUS-THE BOOKS OF OUR CHILDHOOD-THE PHILADELPHIA WOMES

There are two ways of regarding booksfirst, in respect of their contents, first, of course, in the most honorable sense, as they are still what they were called long ago in Greek, "the physicians of the mind"; as they are the compendants preservers of all human knowledge, the magicians bringing the brains of all ages into companions tip by a mysterious clair-voyance; as they are welcome advisers, per-petral consolers in our hours of dejection, con-stant friends though all other triends may cast us off, the tools of the writer's trade, ready assistants, swift servants, sure guides, and talkers who can be silenced by relegation to the shelf should they prove in the least tedious—as talkers in the flesh, alas! cannot be. Even if books chance to be foolish, they are not without their value. O my dear brotherhood of out their value. O my dear brotherhood of readers! through what quartos of queer things, through what duodecimes of dementia, have we not waded, half angry and half amused, grow-ing wiser from the idocy of others, bored without even thinking of protest, and dreaming down this dull page, or subbing our eye to grappie with the other, and still wondering what our proser would say next, until the doze deepened into coma, and our taces fell flat upor the folios! Maybe the sulfness enraptured us; perpetual blunders became as good as any tame; simplicity approx mating to fatuity only touched us into tenderness, and we could not be contempturess over such a lab r of love all lost. Then, too, our fondness for this book or that is such a personal matter. We feel as if we were brothers of the arrier, or consins at least, and so bound to defend the family reputation. Sir Walter Scott mentions a countryman of his who fongut a duel in honor of Aberdeen butter; but there is something better in Dr. Moore's novel of Zelaco where a dispute about George Buchanan intensifies a dispute about Mary Queen of Scots, and ends in a most , erocious There have even been mer of one book (not the Bible), who read and reread it until, it they had possessed brains for such a feat of macmonics, they would have known it by heart. I care knew an apothecary's lad, who, when he was not putting up prescriptions or pounding with the pesde, gave his whole mind to Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which he really thought the wisest and most fascinating book water ever came from the press. John Hunter, the great anatomisf, used to read Virgi over and over, and sometimes, as if to rid him-self of a spell, fling the book away, declaring that it "had the devil in it." Napoteon had a similar high for Ossian, and so it was not strange that something of Macpherson's calico style is noticeable here and there in the con-queror's targid bulletins. Then there are books which are not to be read in haste—North's "Pintarch" for instance, that nobly proper-tioned tolio which is worth all the other Enr-lish translations of the Lives put together, but hish translations of the Lives put together, but which certainly cannot be completely perused before breakfast. Such a book is the stand-by of a life-time. It is a sirioin which bids you cut and come again. Claverhouse, the reader will remember, in Scoat's "Old Mortality," half aportively wishes that he could keep Morton prisoner lang enough for him to read through divisions and the could be a sirious and the could be a si Prisoner long enough for him to read through Proissart's Chronicles.

There are books which though full of a rich through full of a rich talked of and

meritoriousness, are only much talked of and hardly ever read through by anybody. Not one man in ten thousand has fairly mastered fither "The Faery Queen," or "Paradise Lost," or Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World." The present generation approves World." The present generation approves brevity, economically considers the shortness of human life, and is too much engrossed ov the multiferrousness of its pursuits to give its days and nights to any one writer in particular. The bill of fare is much too long for more than tasting of this viand or that. The men of tohos had a better chance when books were tewer, and reading opportunities longer and more and reading opportunities longer and more numerous. A student of the sixteenth century was a student indeed. No such hard work is done in book-making now, because it would be utterly wasted. It would be absurd to devote the best years of a life time to classical commentary prolonged throngh thousands of pages, which no publisher would undertake, which no purchaser would buy, and which nobody could read, though paid for doing it. Think what a life the German commentators used to what a life the German commentators used to lead—those ancient fellows whose feats are recorded upon the ample pages of Bayle or of Morer! Imagine old Corons, for instance, going regularly to work upon Sallast every morning, smoking his pipe over disputed passages, writing a long note about amost every line, pressing and guessing with limitless patience, consulting half his library to settle a single verbal doubt, and only resting biniself now and then by freeing his mind when he encountered a notable blunder of some other scholar! It must have been hard work, but just look at the noble result! The text of the remains of Sal-lust is extremely meagre, but here we have him expanded into a fat quarto of nearly a thousand pages, which I will undertake to read for a good annual salary; but not otherwise. It was in this way that books were one made. There was a notion that they were nothing it not most respectably ponderous and prolonged Commentary required ample verge. What Aldus printed a small copy of a classic it was without notes. It was such a job to take down a folio; it was so like moving a house or a heavy piece of furniture that readers were in no hurry to put the book up again. It occupied the whole desk, and not being easily dislodged its owner read it all day in sheer despite.

But maybe it is just as well to begin at the beginning. The small books which he thumbed and dog's-cared in his childhood are dear to the genuine collector, especially as they have a way in these days of constant changes and of dubious understandings be ween pub-lishers and school-committees, of getting out of print and of growing scarce. I do not envy the man whose feelings are not sensibly touched, as he encounters in the pile of water-stained and dust-begrimed rubbish upon a sirect stall, the poor forlorn book out of which he learned his letters, and to secure which he would not grudge more money than he will be called upon to pay. It is pleasanter to his eyes than would be a veritable specimen of the English horn-book of the fifteenth century. The children of this age who have never heard of Guitenberg, have leason enough to biess his name; and it is one of the pleasantest facts which we en-counter in studying the invention of printing to know that the youngsters as well as poor people were among the first to share in the blessings and joys of the new and wondrous art blessings and joys of the new and wondrous art in its beginnings, and especially in the rude block books which preceded the use of types. But I am not writing a treatise upon printing, even if I were competent to write it. My business is with this shabby little copy of "S. Wood's New-York Primer. New-York: Published by Samuel Wood and Sons, No. 261 Pearlst, n. d." It has a double value, for some of the wood-cuts are evidently by Anderson, whom I would-cut and American Rewick it I, did not would call our American Bewick it I did not much distike such style of christening. Sull Anderson worked a good deal in Bewick's manner, especially in rocks and foliage. It is considerably more than fifty years since I stood, I trust with a shining meraing is ee, at the knee of my school-mistress, and blundered and blubbered through these large capitals, and so went on to "See the Cat. She bit a rat" and the fine moral lesson: "A dog met bad boy and bit him," with a portrait of the dog; but, as Mrs. Felicia Hemans remarks in her poem of Casabianca, "The boy, O where is he?" The compiler of this manual, to whom I am indebted for all that I have learned from books, seems to have been of a sensational literary turn, for when he comes to the Bear he takes pains to state that "Beats live in the woods, have large teeth and sharp claws, and some have killed little children,"—a zoological fact which I had already learned from the Old Testament story of the bald-headed prophet and the ill-mannered boys. I do not know who was the compiler of juvenile literature in the old

book printed in Philadelphia in 1816, and worth mentioning if only because it was printed by a woman. Philadelphia could boast of two female printers, Lydin R. Bailey, from whose office this volume came, and Jane Aitkin, who printed the Presbyterian Cenfession of Faith, and did the work very well. I may stop to tell a story which will not be unentertaining to the bibliographical reader. I one day picked up a convention of their story and certaining to the bibliographical reader. I one day picked up a copy of that rather rare and certainly curous book, Luckombe's "History of Printing." valuable as containing full specimens of the types of Colson, a famous London founder of the last cotson, a famous London tounder of the last century, a good deal of whose letter came to this country, including the Greek which Laiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., used in printing the first American edition of the Greek Testament. Taking stock, if I may use the expression, of the book, as I always do when I get a new old one I found written in a tenale hand, more old one, I found written in a female hand, upon the title page, "Jane Atkin." I had stumble upon her copy—the very volume to which she referred for guidance in making up book-forms.

referred for guidance in making up book-forms. In another place was written, "Robert Aitkin," who may have been her husband or her son.

But I have most uncivilly left Mrs. Lydis R. Bailey to herself while I paid my respects to her sister-printer. The book from her press to which I have referred above, is "Mammar's Stories, read by Herself to hier Little Girl," and small as it is it is examined with moral inand small as it is, it is crammed with moral in struction most forcibly illustrated. One tale tells how George, instead of sharing a glass of lemonade with his sisters, "greedily took it all." What was the consequence? "He suffered," we are told, "for his selfishness, for the whole glass of lemenade gave him a pain in his stomach which he would not have felt if he had only taken a proper quantity; and then he was forced to have the glass filled with rhubarb and magnesia, and to drink it up." Mark the fine sarcasm which follows: "He would have been willing to let his sisters partake of this potion." I am not moralist enough to know whether this kind of teaching is the best for tender sonis; but I confess that I have grave doubts. I cannot admit, as the result of my personal observa-tion, that it is always the magnity child who falls from a fence, or is caught out without an umbrella in a thunder-storm, or has the stomach ache, and is abandoned to the tender mercies overtake perject excellence in pinafores. Take assume the boys and classed at the griss no better than Miss. Edgeworth did; but I cannot see that they come to grief much oftener than the paragons of good to havior, or have more violent pains in their stomachs, or crack their crowns more frequently. A great many of the juvenile books which I read in my spring-time taught a contrary doctrine; and highly discounted to the properties of indignant I was with them when after rather a precocious raticeination I found them out.

And yet do we ever read afterward with the zest and rapture of childhood? I try the books which half a century age charmed me, but somehow they have lost their grace. I like to have them, but I confess that I do not love them for much besides their externals—not even the "Arabian Nights," or the first-rate "Farry Tales"; while as for the "Travels of Captain Lemnei Guliver," what a horrible disillusion it was when we discovered what Dean Switt really meant by that bulky likel upon poor haman nature! We do not think so much of Voyages and Travels after we have voyaged and the clied a little ourselves, and so have come to the other side of the hill of life with our faces to the cannot bring to our reading after a while the same sweet-minded willing-ness to be amused. We have more or less deness to be amosed. We have more or less developed the critical faculty, and are quite masters of the subliment of lamit-finding. We limit the number of our friends in leathern coats, sometimes, however, holding more closely to them because the rest have grown alter and so are left to accommitted that men alien, and so are left to accamulate dust upon the shelves. Yet read away, dear little hibito-manuacs of six years or of twelve! Yours, perhaps, is the truest pleasure of perusal, while we old fellows will pother over our tohos until we have not the strength to take them down. There is an affecting story of Southey which tells how after his intellectual lamp was nearly extinguished he would stand before his loaded shelves, and now and then aimlessly remove a volume, looking at it listlessly, and then with a great sigh putting it b.ck m its place. are, alas! no books for second childhood!

### THE DEATH-SONG OF THE GIRONDISTS остовия 31, 1793,

On a day in the Year of Terror, Nenth a shrouded au unia sky.
The meb of Paris flocks out to see
Five tumbrils relifing by.
And a little band tied hand and foot

Upon their way to die. Statesman and soldier, priest and sage, Ride on their deathward way; Vergnund, Gensonné, Duchálel, Brissot, Lasource, Fauchet; No souls to all that fretz ed time

The damps of the prison are on their brows. Blood-hot their eyes and dine; And one is faint with a fever's waste, And one with a torturing limb: But each and all, as they ride to death, Upliff the Freeman's hymn.

"Children of France, march ou! The day Of glory draws? the say;
The tyrants' trend pollutes our soil,
The r banners flagnt on high;
They come to load us with their chains,
And they or we must die.

"What the our heroes full! The land

With breed them ever anew.

Tremble, ye tyranis, at your doom!

And ye, accursed crew
Who share our ranks—the tyrant-slaves
Of inction—tremble, too! "March on, true soldiers of our France!

March of, true solders of our France
E'en now the day is wen.
Dear Mother Freedom whom we serve
Smiles on each faithful son;
Each blow we strike is struck for Her,
Solders of France, march on!" They chaint along the stony streets,

And ever and again
The surging throng around them catch
Infection from the strain,
And tune a thousand brazen throats
To clamor the refrain.

Up to the scaffold's foot they channt, And, chaunting as they climb. Each yields his neck unto the knife; But still in measured time

And ever lessening unison His fellows keep the chime. Fainter the chime, as head by head The restless engine shears; Hushed is the voice whose eloquence The fearless Danton fears, And his who wrung Desmoulins' heart With vain remorse to tears.

So the chorus ebbs into silence, Till Vergniaud chaunts alone. Voicing the dead, his passion sums

Their acceuts in his own;
"March on!" he shrills—and the Freeman's hymn Dies in his latest tone. HENRY G. HEWLEIT.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

From The United Service Magazine.

The island being strongly fortified, with a garri The island being strongly fortified, with a garri son of two regiments, and vessels of war constantly cruising around it. Sir Hudson Love should have been convinced that his prisoner was perfectly safe; but so far from this, it is related of him that on one occasion, because Napoleon had not been seen for thirty-six hours by any English officer, he ordered his aid in the middle of the night to ride over to Longwood, a distance of nearly five miles, and ascertain if he were there. When the aid returned, reporting to Sir Hudson Lowe that he had been unable to see Napoleon, he was immediately ordered to return to Longwood, with orders to remain there until he had seen him. The poor aid informed Count Bertrant of the nature of his instructions, who posted him behind a tree fronting the fromed Count Destrains of the inture of his instruc-tions, who posted him behind a tree fronting the window of the chamber in which Napoleon hap-pened to be, and after remaining there several hours be caught a glimpse of him through the win-dow, much to the relief of the aid and delight of Sir

woods, have large teeth and sharp claws, and some have killed little children,"—a zoological fact which I had already learned from the Old Testament story of the bald-headed prophet and the ill-mannered boys. I do not know who was the compiler of juvenile literature in the old and most respectable honse of Samuel Wood and Sons, but no doubt it so wing to his early warnings that thus far I have not been devanted by bears, nor to any alarming extent bitten by dogs. Of the making of school books there is no end, but I do not think that there has been much improvement in primers; and if I had the alphabet to leain over again, I should discard all the novelties and go back to Wood and Sons.

Children's books in those days were nothing if not didactic. Constant doses of virtue were inscidiously introduced into tender natures as medicine was put into their stomachs in a lisquise of marmalade. Here is a goody-goody

which he seemed to be rather vain; in fact, he al-

ways paid great attention to his personal appearance.

Among other anecdoles related by Mr. Carrol of Napoleon, he mentioned that Sir George Cockburn, who was then in favor with him, brought two ladies to Longwood to introduce to him, and so certain was be of having this honor granted that he had omitted sending word to Count Bertrand, which had always been customary. On the arrival of the company they were informed by Count Bertrand that Napoleon was not well enough to see visitors, which was a great disappointment, not only to Sir George, but to the ladies. Bertrand, however, managed to draw Sir George out of the house and engaged him in conversation, when Napoleon entered the room where the ladies were, to whom he introduced himself, and by his winning manners and charaing conversation soon gauged their esteem and admiration. He also had refreshments brought in, of which they partook. Napoleon then retired, and shornly afterward Sir George rejoined his party, and had not been aware that they had thus been honored during his absence, until one of the ladies happened to mention that Napoleon had treated them in the most courteous manner, which annoved Sir George no little. The object of Napo-

ladies happened to mention that Napoleon had treated them in the most courteous manner, which annoyed Sir George no little. The object of Napoleon in resorting to this artifice was to show that, not withstanding he was a captive, he was just as exacting in points of chiquette as when he was Empetor of France.

To children he was always partial, speaking pleasantly to them, and frequently he would take a soldier by the ear in a playful manner, addressing him kindly. Mr. Carrol also relates that on one occasion Napoleon with his suite galloped through the British camp on Deadwood, when the soldiers involuntarily, and without orders tell in the ranks involuntarily, and without orders, tell in the ranks and saluted him. These traits of character I take pleasure in mentioning, as they give one a better meight into his private life than the reading of his achievements, which seem more like romance.

Rev. H. R. Bancas in The Goulemon's Magazine.

One thing is certain, that Mr. Lowell avoided travelling as other Americans are said to travel seeding everything and looking at nothing—or, worse still, making notes, as they rush from place to place on the "Continong," of what they neither have seen nor looked at. I remember myself mecing two such enterprising unveilers when I was uset in Rome. They were standing opposite the "Apollo Belvidere" in the Vatican. One held guide-book with jencil, and read; the other mas-tered as rapidly as he could the labels on each

Wal what's the next !" says the friend with the "wat, what's the next!" says the friend with the guide-book. "That," says his friend, stooping down to examine the label; "that's the 'Pollo Belvidere," "Chalk 'im off," says his friend with the peneil, and both passed on without even rais-ing their eyes to the San-god!

## THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

From the Examiner.

With the sprend of endightenment and the removal of their disabilities, a tendency has manifested itself among the middle classes of the Jows to give their sons University education, and to train thom to professions. Many young men have graduated in our universities—some with honors, and the unwonted spectacle has been seen of a Hebrew senior wrangler. The two branches of the law have attracted numerous Jewish lads. Indeed, legal pursuits seem to be peculiarly adapted to the bent of their mind. A member of the Jewish body. Sir George Jessel, by sheer strength of melled, and without the slightest family influence, has succeeded in grasping one of the greatest prizes of the bar. There are also one or two other members of the legal profession who bid faur to achieve eminence, and it is not unlikely that the Master of the Rolls may not remain the only Jewish judge. Science in the abstract does not find many devotees among English Jews. The Hebrew genius, nevertheless, from the time of the ancient rabbs to our day, has always leaned toward mathematical studies; and among the great mathematicians of the age may be reckoned Professor Sylvester, late of Woolwich. The Jewish commandity does not appear to shine in constructive genus. We doubt whether it includes any engineers, unless it be a few young men beginning the; but there are some Jewish architects of fair

Parliament. In general literature the English Jews have cer-In general literature the English Jews have certainly not equalled the performances of their foreign coreligionists. The Jews of Germany have shed instreon the literature of their country. They have attained the front rank as archaeologists and Oriental scholars. The plays of Mosenthal and the novels of Aucroach have gained a European reputation. In Italy the Jewish mind is equally active. Israelities guide the press, fill professional chairs, and enrich the literature of the land in its various branches. In France, too, in addition to such illustrious scholars as M. Michel Bleat, M. Derenbourg, and some others, the Hebrews are distinguished. iliustrious scholars as M. Michel Bical, M. Deren-bourg, and some others, the Hebrews are distin-guishing themselves in the lighter kinds of litera-iure, and are producing a galaxy of pungent journ-alists, of witty dramatists, of nowerful novelists. The English Jews have cultivated literature to a limited extent. Some Jewish professors, men of considerable abilities, adora their various walks, and the community possesses several rips, scholars. considerable abilities, adorn their various walks, and the community possesses several ripe scholars, though death has talained their ranks. These gentlemen, however, are mostly English only by adoption, and their labors, with some exceptions, must be regarded as contributions to Jewish er Oriental fore, rather than as additions to purely English literature. The Anglo-Jewish press is exceedingly well-conducted, and contrasts favorably with other organs of opinion. The Jews possess no hereditary ari-tocracy. It may be said of them—and more especially of the and contrasts favorably with other organs of opinion. The Jows possess no hereditary arricotracy, it may be said of them—and more especially of the Ashenazim, or Germans—and not ashanned of they were only honest more and asher moles in the event of their caling. It is only five them a golden color in very hot lard. A deep fiving pan shend be used, and pleaty of lard, so that the croustades fairly swim in the fat. When all their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations by which they had realized their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations by which they had realized their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations by which they had realized their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations by which they had realized their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations by which they had realized their former dismanily that they abandoned the advocations dismanily that they abandoned the advocations dismanily that the croustades fairly swim in the fat. Wh

# THE FRENCH GIRL.

From The London Telegraph.

That the segregation of unmarried gals from general society in France has been concurrently attended by very imperfect educational training is undeniable. Were it not that the French are a naturally witty, shrewd, and self-possessed people, a French girl of the upper middle classes right appear to an English or American young lady to be a lamentably ignorant specimen of "femininity." She may have picked up a few scrips of English in her "pensionnat," but she is never taught even the rudiments of Latin; she would think it impatriotic to speak German; Ler knowledge of the history and literature of her own country is limited, and that of the history and literature of other countries usually "nil." A little linear drawing constitutes the sum of her acquaintance with mathematics, and she may be deemed fortunate if she has managed to gather a slight smattering of physical science, and that be deemed fortunate if she has managed to gather a slight smattering of physical science, and that not of a very accurate kind, from the writings of M. Jules Verne. Nor are these educational deficiencies to be wondered at. She may have had as good schooling as an ordinary "Pensionnat de Demoiselles" could impart to her, or she may have been brought up in a convent; but what Lord John Manners would call "the kind pressure of the social chain" in the well-meant but mind-crushing despotism of "La Famille" has not ceased to gall her throughout the whole of her school-days. Whenever she has tried to read the grim pages of an "Index Expurgatorious" have met her view. If she has been educated in a convent, the good nuns have probably taught her that three-fourths of the things which she will enjoy with such eager zest when she is married and free are essentially wicked, and it is not at all improbable that if she has been brought up in a nunnery in the provinces her elerical instructors have instilled into her such ideas on politics as to make her regard the existing Government of her country with horror and aversion. An English school-gril happily knows much more about hardbake and almond rock than she does about Conservatism or Liberalism; and front he age of sixteen to twenty she is too knows much more about hardbake and almond rock than she does about Conservatism or Liberalism; and from the age of sixteen to twenty she is too much occupied with matters of dress and amusement and affairs of the heart to trouble herself about which political party is in effice or which is in opposition. If she has any politics at all they are "papa's;" unhappity, as French society is at present constituted, the politics of a French young lady are in most cases directly the reverse of those of her papa. They are mamna's; and mamma's politics are those of "M. le Cure."

The only wonder is that, educationally hampered and restricted at every turn, incessantly watched by the Argus eyes of parents and priests, the young Frenchwoman, when she has passed through the probationary stages of a school-girl and a "demoiselle a marier," should bear herself with the confident "apiomb," and hold her own in the brillantly self-assured manner, customary with her after

## HOME INTERESTS.

SOUTHERN FRUITS IN MARKET. THE PRUIT STORES PILLING UP WITH THE CHOICES DELICACIES FROM THE SOUTH-A GREAT SUPPLY OF POULTRY-HOW TO TILL A TENDER GOOSE-

SATUEDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

The appearance of the fruit stores in lower Broad way grows more attractive as each successive week brings in new delicacies from the South. Banana -red and yellow-are offered at 50 and 60 cents per dozen. In the streets, however, good bananas of inferior size are to be had as low as 25 and 30 cents per dozen. These prices are, of course, caused by the advanced stage of ripening, which threaten decay and consequent loss to the dealers. Lemons. from Florida, of choice variety and very large are sold at 40 cents per dozen; foreign lemons, small and not so fine, are to be had in the streets and market for 12 and 20 cents per dozen; Mandarin oranges, the finest now in market, are selling from 50 to 75 cents per dozen; Jamaica, next best, are 40 and 60 cents per dozen; Jamaica, next best, are 40 and 60 cents per dozen; fine pears, such as Beurre d'Augat, are selling from 50 cents to \$1 per dozen; selected fruit of remarkable size and fine condition is sold at fancy prices, according to the conscience of the dealer and his estimate of his customer; there is ne market standard for this sort of trade. California grapes, including Muscat, Tokay, and Emperor, are packed in five-pound boxes and sell at \$1.25 per box; Maliga grapes, packed in barrels, are 25 cents per round; fine Catawbas are selling from 12 to 15 cents per pound; California plams are 25 and 30 cents per dozen; snow apples and lady apples are from 25 to 30 cents per dozen; inckory nuts, 12 cents per quart; pecans, 18 cents per pound; paper-shelled almands, 40 cents; new ket for 12 and 20 cents per dozen; Mandaria lady apples are from 25 to 30 cents per dozen; heckory nuts, 12 cents per quart; pecaus, 18 cents per pound; paper-sizelled almands, 40 cents; per pound; paper-sizelled almands, 40 cents; per pound; fine dessert raisins sell from 25 to 40 cents per pound; prunes, choice varieties, 20 and 30 cents. Spanish chestamis are now in market, Americans generally have no idea of the virtue of these nuts as a vegetable; nothing can be more delicate or dedicions. They should be shelled first and then boiled until tender; the water should then be drained off, and the nuts served with melted butter poured over them. Another manner which the French have of preparing them makes a dainty dish for luncheon. The nuts should be boiled until tender, our not allowed to fail to pieces; they should then be served, p led up in the centre of a platter, and a musbroom sauce poured around platter, and a mushroom sauce poured around them. Fresh mushrooms are now in market; they sell at 90 cents per pound, and are much more delicate than the canned mushrooms that we get from

France.

Prance.

Poultry is extra fine this year and the time is fast approaching when it will be within the reach of the poorest classes. After Thanksgiving Day poultry is always very cheap, owing to the overstocking of the market for that season. Capons are seiting from 22 to 25 cents per pound; chickens, 20 cents; spring chickens, 20 cents; ducks, 18 cents; turkeys from 16 to 20 cents; mourred ducks from 18 to 20 cents; gense from 18 to 20 cents. Great care should be taken in selecting geose—nothing is more formulable to guessis and carver than an old goose. When young the feet and belis have a few hairs on them, and are of a veilowish color, and the feet are privable. When old the feet and bills are red, and when some time killed, the feet are dry and staff. Goese are called green intail they are two or three months old. Fowi is 15 and 18 cents per pound; squab are selling from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen; grouse from \$1 to \$1 25; quail are growing more plential and self at \$2.50 per dozen; partrake from \$1 25 to \$1 50 per pair; woodock, \$1 per pair; Englise snipe, \$3 per dozen; plover, \$3; teal duck, 75 cents per pair; wood auck, 75 cents; mallards, \$2 to \$1 50 per pair; woodock, \$1 per pair; Englise snipe, \$3 per dozen; plover, \$3; teal duck, 75 cents per pair; wood auck, 75 cents per dozen; pigeons, \$2; smail birds, 75 cents per dozen; pigeons, \$2; smail birds, 75 cents per dozen; pigeons, \$2; smail birds, 75 cents per dozen; reed birds, \$1 25; ventson, 20 cents per pound; mackerel, 12 cents; selloud and Maine, are 20 cents per pound; bass, 18 to 20 cents; binefish, refrigerated, 12 cents; salmon, 35 to 45 cents; per pound; mackerel, 12 cents; sellouders, 10 cents; serbas, 15 cents; per halibut, 18 cents per pound; codfish vers pleanifid, from 8 to 10 cents; sheepshend, 25 cents; senliops, 25 cents per quart; soft clams, 40 to 80 cents; per handred.

The fresh wafer fish are whitefish, at 15 cents per pound; pickerel, 12 cents; salmen treet, restricts, and per per per per fish are witterface, and per per per France.

Poultry is extra fine this year and the time is fast

The fresh water fish are whitefish, at 15 cents per pound; pick-rel. 12 cents; saimon trout, re-trigerated, 15 cents; red snapper, 15 cents; poun-tano, 60 cents per pound; prawns, 30 cents per quart; natt crate, \$1 to \$3 per hundred.

The prices of groc-tres do not change much, pro-visions generally being al last week's quotations.

MENU. MENU.
Oyst r Soup.
Fillets of White filts a fried. Tomato sance.
Crosstades of Chicken.
Rolled loin of Sunce or; Rolled Pointoes; Squash.
Can iffe w r and Cheese.
Sand of Partridge.
Choese Wafers.
Chocolate Croun. Jam Tarts.
Coffee.
Fruit.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES Filters or Whiterish.—Cut the fish into neat pieces about as large as the palm of your hand. Dip them into a batter of egg, andk and flour; roll in

hot lard. Serve with a toursto sauce, directions for which have been given in this column.

CROUSTADES OF CHICKEN.—Cut the crumb of a

mineed, a tenspoont of enoped parsey, a intellepepper, salt, nutneg and lemon-rind grated. Add enough egg to bind this forcement together and then spread it over the inner side of the mutton; roll it neatly lengthwise, bind it tightly with tape, flour it well, and roast it. Serve in a dish with a rich brown gravy poored round it (a little wine in the gravy), traish with sprigs of watercress.

CAULIFLOWER AND CHEESE.—Boil the cauliflower. CAULIFLOWER AND CHEESE.—Boil the cauliflower. When done, put on the top a tablespoonful of grated cheese and 2g ounce of butter in small pieces. Melt it well into the cauliflower before the fire or in the oven, slightly browning it. As a same for it mix a teaspoonful of flour. 2 ounces grated cheese, 2 ounces melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, two well-beaten eggs. Stir all well together in a same pan over the fire, and strain through a colauder if not periecity smooth.

SALAD OF PARTRUGE.—Trim some pieces of cold SALAD OF PARTRIGE.—Trim some pieces of cold cooked partridge carefully, and remove the skin from them; best up in a basin three parts of olive oil and one of tatragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste, and some finely-minced tarragon or cress; dip the pieces of partridge in this, arrange them on a dish with some lettince dressed in the same sauce, and ornament the dish with hard-boiled ergs, pickled gherkins, anchovies (thoroughly wasied), capers, etc. Mayonnaise sauce may be used instead of this plain dressing; and, if there is enough of the pieces of breast, they may be included in a border of aspic jelly, and the salad put in the centre with the other pieces.

Chocolate Cheam.—Mix the volks of six eggs.

CHOCOLATE CREAM .- Mix the yolks of six eggs (strained) with 2oz. of pounded loaf sugar and 2oz. of grated chocolate; add one pint of milk; set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the outer one filled with hot water, and keep surring till the cream thickens; dissolve in a little milk four sheets of the best French greatine, add this to the cream and strain it into a basin; put this over ice, stirring tail the mixture begins to set, then add one pint of well-whipped cream. Put a mould in the ice, pour in the cream, cover it with ice, and when quite set turn it out and serve.

JAM TARTLETS.-Take some puff paste, roll it out that an inch thick, and line some patty pans with it. Cut some rounds out of the bottom of a stale loaf an inch in diameter less than the patty pans, put one in each pan exactly in the middle, and press it down; bake in a quick oven until the paste has well risen—about fifteen minutes. Remove the pieces of bread and fill each tartiet with either aprical strawberry or surrent and trackers there are

pieces of oread and fill each fartiet with either apricot, strawberry or currant and rasoberry jam.

Potato Salads.—1. Kab a dish with a shallot;
dispose on it some cold boiled potatoes cut in slices;
beat together three parts of oil and one part, more
or less according to the strength of it, of tarragon
vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste. Pour this
over the potatoes, and strew over all a small quantity of any of the following: powdered sweetherbs,
mitt bursiley, cheryll, tarragon or carers or care.

tity of any of the following: powdered sweetherbs, mint, parsiev, chervil, tarragen or capers, or a combination of them all, finely minced.

2. Cut cold boiled potatoes in small cubes. Bone and fillet a few anchovies and chop them up; take the same quantity of capers. Mix all together with some finely-minced tarragon or powdered sweet nerbs add a plain salad dressing as above. Put on a dish rubbed with shallot and make a border round it of pieces of hard-boiled eggs and stoned clives.

3. Take equal parts of cold boiled potatoes and cold boiled Spanish onions; cut them into convenient pieces; aprinkle powdered sweetherbs over, and pour over them a salad dressing as above. Serve with a border of small radishes.

4. Take four or five cold boiled potatoes, half a

small beetroot, half a small Spanish onion, plainly boiled, and about three inches of pickled cucumber. C. t them all in slices, and arrange them on a dish. Pour over them a sulad dressing as above, adding a little English mustard to it, and strew powdered sweetherbs over. Serve with a border of bardboiled eggs cut in slices.

5. Pound half a dozen well-washed anchovies in a mortar with two hard-boiled yolks of eggs, a desserispoonful of French mustard and a sprig or two of tarragon; then gradually work in salad-cit, add pepper and lemon juice to taste, and salt if necessary. Strain the sauce over a dish of sliced cold beiled potatoes and strew over all plenty of minced truffles.

Delicious Batter Pudding.—This is the most

sary. Strain the same over all plenty of minced builed potatoes and strew over all plenty of minced truffles.

Delicious Batter Pudding—This is the most difficulty of all puddings to make, but its difficulty lies not in its combination of many materials, for those are lew and simple. The trouble is in mixing and bringing it to the table in that light and feathery condition that makes of it a food fit for fairles. Beat up four eggs thoromolyly; add to them a pint of milk and a reasonable pinch of salt; sift a teacupful of flour and add it gradually to the milk and eggs, beating tightly the while; then pour the whole mixture through a fine wire strainer into the tim in which it is to be boiled. This straining is imperative. The tin must be perfectly plain, and must have a tight-fitting cover; the least but of steam getting at the pudding would spoil it. Now comes the great secret of a boiled batter pudding; the potful of boiling water in which the pudding-can oscillates against the sides of the pot the pudding inevitably falls and comes out as heavy as lead. The pot must be put on the spot on the stove or range on which it can stay until the expiration of the hour; and sufficient water must be put in it at the start so that it need not be refilled or added to. These directions exactly followed, you have a batter pudding of all puddings the most delicate and delicious. Stip it out of the can on a hot dish and serve with wine sauce.

### CAPTAIN WEBB'S FIRST APPEARANCE,

W. J. Florence in Tinsley's Magazine. W. J. Florence in Tinsley's Magazine.

At this juncture the crowd in the sanoking-room were startled by the terrible ery of "Man overboard!" Clang, clang, went the bell. I reached the deck just in time to see a fearless young sailor run aft and, with a spring like a deer, jump over the rail into the sea. He just cleared the screw, and, as we were making some thirteen knots an hour, his head appeared for a moment only above the waves before he was out of sight. With anxious hearts the passengers, male and female, crowded toward the stern of the vessel to watch the small white eddy where the person who had fallen overboard went down. Clang, clang, went the bell again.

"Lower the aft boat on the port side?" shouted Captain Cook.

Captain Cook.

Like lightning willing hands were at work. In less than two minutes the boat touched the water. For over half an hour the passengers crowded the after-part of the vessel, and with straining eyes watched the boat in the far distance tossed like a cockleshell on the waves, at one moment sink down between the huge billows, and at another seemingly thrown sky-high on the crests of foam.
"Signal return," at length said Captain Cook.

ingly thrown sky-high on the crests of foam.
"Signal return," at length said Captain Cook;
and a small red lag was run to the topmast.
I cannot depict the anxiety on the faces of our
passengers as they watched the return of the lifeboat. All strained forward to see if there was anyboat. All strained forward to see if there was anypooly in the boat beyond the four men that manned
it. Three-quarters of an hour after the accident
the boat was again alongside, but the lad had been
lost, while the brave sailor who jumped after him
was also nearly drowned. On reaching the water
he had divested himself of his heavy boots and
struck out for what appeared to him to be a body
floating a little way off, but what preved to be a
bit of old spar. The men in the boat lost his track,
and he had given himself up for lost when he saw
the boat returning. He was ultimately discovered the boat returning. He was ultimately discovered

and picked up, almost dead from exhaustion.

As the brave fellow stepped on the deck the passengers gave him three cheers. In a few minutes he was in his bank under the charge of Dr. Wallace, he was in his ounk under the charge of Dr. Wallace, the ship surgeon. A colle tion was made among the passengers, a hundred pounds being thus raised for our hero, and a smaller sum for the local's crew and the parents of the local lad.

I was selected to present the money, and, after an hoar's rest the gallant sailor was called all to receive it. With modest, downcast looks he accepted our substantial tribute to his bravery, results aching in his housest sailor. Fix feathers.

nerely saving, in his honest sufor-like fashion: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I am only orry the other poor lad is not here to share it with The entire incident seems to have had a marked

influence on the life of the young sailor; for the courageous fellow has since become famous as Matthew Webb, the champion swimmer of the

A STROKE OF GENIUS AND AN UMBRELLA.

From Tinstey's Magazine.

A next-door neighbor of mine advertised for a domestic servant, and, repeating our experience thus far, engaged one, subject to the character being satisfactory. She was a daring operator. Having obtained the sum of five shiftings from her properties mistress, she remarked with emotion ing obtained the sum of two shiftings from her prospective mistress, she remarked with emotion, "I will repay the money, ma'sm, every penny, whether I suit you or not. If you doubt me, ma'sm, allow me to leave my univerla." The good old hady was touched by this proof of the poor gill's housety, and of course declined, effusively, to accept the proflected pledge.

Well, let the grim truth be told. The estenta-

Well, let the grim truth be told. The estentations by honest applicant for the situation of general servant had not been gone half an hour before my neighbor missed her best umbrella. The young person had availed herself of the opportunity and had compared to the door of the house; immediate after a son of Mt. Williams entered the room, a satisfact a son of Mt. Williams entered the room, a satisfact had been galloped from Turo, having see

a great deal of irksome restraint and no little positive annoyance.

During the season every "personage" of society
who can afford it, including the Prince and Princess, gives one splendid and sumptinous bail, at
which you are sure to meet everybody that is anybody; and ten or twelve grandes dames de par le
monde throw open' their salousouse a week (sunday
is the favorite "receiving night" for these leaders
of fashion) to all that is distinguished and illustrions by birth or official station, native or foreign, in
the capital. At these pleasant remions
an impromptin dance not infrequently
concludes the evening; but interminable and never-flagging causeries, lively or
sentimental, constitute the chief feature of Ronmanian social gatherings, at which fragrant digarettes and exquisite tea are de rigueur, white cariplaying, except among the elder foreign diphomatists and a few of the more old-tashioned
territorial magnat s, finds but little favor. There
is plenty of picquet, preference, and casenne-whist
to be had at the club, the points being as a rule far
less extravagant than they are at the "Bebe" in
Paris, or at one or two exceptionally exclusive clubs
in Pail Mail.

# ROMAIN LE GOFF, A FRENCH HERO.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the batch of streets soon to be rechristined will be called La Rue Romain le Goff. Who was Romain le Goff? A medical student who lest his life in trying to pluck a soldier from the jaws of death. He died when less than twenty. The circumstances under which his short and promising career ended were harrowing as those which ied up to the climax of Balzac's most poignant novels. Romain le Goff was the son of a distinguished professor of philosophy in a first-class lyceoum. charming to the way the son of a distinguished pro-lessor of philosophy in a first-class lycoum—a gay, charming, high-spirited, and thoroughly honorable and honest Frenchman of the eighteenth-century school, who, because a Deist, was held in bad odor by inspectors of academies anxious to stand well with the Empress Eugenie and her set. They could not dismiss him, but they nagged at and har-assed him so much that his patence broke down well with the Empress Eugenie and her set. They could not dismiss him, but they nagged at and har assed him so much that his patience broke down, and he asked leave to retire on a miserably small pension. It was his and his wife's intention to set up a private school; but the influence which drove them from the lyceum rendered this scheme impracticable. M. le Goff, when the Delegate Government was at Tours, was secretary-general to the Post and Telegraph Department. He there saw much of Gambetta, and conceived for him affectionate admiration which, as he did not hide it when the Assembly relgned, was a source of fresh persecution. A paper he directed was suppressed, and serious pecuniary losses thereby entailed on him. Misfortune was rendered blacker by a fall during a verglas, in which he broke his wrist. His wife, though an accomplished lady, was glad of the humble place of mistress in a girls free school, under the municipality of Paris, at Bourg-la-Reine, and was allowed to take her daughter to be her assistant. Mile, le Goff was very beautiful and carefully educated, and not twenty. The young Romain entered the School of Medicine. In meeting liabilities contracted while he was engaged in his newspaper venture the father's small pension was absorbed, and a good deal of the wife's salary. As the wolf was very close to the door, poor young Romain boldly faced privations of all kinds, and won a place as house student in a hopital. He had not far to go in the direction of a medical diploma when he began his clineral studies at Val de Grace. There on a January norming at the students to save a soldier, whose life could only be preserved by the translasion of healthy blood into his veins. Nobody answered. Another appeal was made, and then a third. Romain le Goff bared his arm and came forward. The operation was necessary for the salvation of the invalid. It is got another hospital for an early morning climally performed, he lost more blood than was necessary for the salvation of the invalid. It is got another hospital for an early morning climal leature. The peor youth was very weak, and went to a sister of charity for a glass of hot soup or a last of wine. Sisters of charity are more often than not humanely and kindly disposed towards young people. This one was a harsh fanatic, and of what is not fanaticism capable? She point-blank refused, twitted the student with having protected against an attempt to force the last sacraments agon a soldier who wanted to die without them: and when Romain le Goff pressed her, told him had no orders from the surgeon, who had by this line left the hospital. Young le Goff, bloodless, without a greatecast, without nutriment or stimulant be enable him to resist the cold, went on foot over the snow to an hospital at the other end of the town. He was seized with a violent indumnation of the pericardium, and for six-and-twenty days was on the verge of the grave. His sister devoted hemely to him. He got over the accidental malady to fall into a consumption; and Mile, le Goff died a few weeks after he was out of immediate danger, of inflammation of the lungs. Romain lingered for a few years. General Chanzy attached him to the military service to enable him to winter in Algeria where he expired last May.

The Municipal Coen

### THE PROTOTYPE OF DICKENS'S " SLEARY!

From Chambers's Journal.

Old Jack Clarke, a notability in his way as a circus proprietor, was, I have good cause to believe, the model who sat for "Sleary" in Charles Dukens's "Hard Times." Many of Clarke's personal characteristics are faithfully pictured in that characteristics are faithfully pictured in that character, and the phi sical defect of his groff ashimate voice, though not quite turning the scinto th, so nearly produced that effect that no condination of type could represent it better than that which the great novelest adopted.

On one occasion I was riding in company with Clarke from Keading to Oxford, when he contained speaking of a few of his misferunes, finishing up with the direful results of his short stay in the town he had then left. "I've juilit given line performanthes in Reading, and forthit nearly two hundred poundth by them. If the a fact, thir," I was not aware that Clarke ever had so much money as that to lose; so I expressed my surprise, asking him how he had managed to do it. "Well, you thee, thir, when I came to the plathe, I made my calculation that the firth evening performant would produth a hundred poundth, and the necht two nights that the two hundred poundth in all, the Well, you'ld thearthely believe it, thir, but we say took twenty-thicktia!"

### SOME STRANGELY PULFILLED DREAMS.

R. A. Proctor in Belgrania.

On the night of May 11, 1812, Mr. Williams of Scorrior House, near Redirith, in Cornwall, was his wife, and in great agitation told her of a strangedream he had just had. He dreamt he was a the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a use shoot with a piston a gentleman who had just estered the lobby, who was said to be the Chacellor. His wife told him not to trouble himself about the dream, but to go to sleep again. He followed her advice, but presently woke Fer again, saying he had dreamt the same dream. Yet a third time was the dream repeated; after which he was so saying he had dreamt the same dream. Yet a third time was the dream repeated: after which he was so disturbed that, despite his wire's entreaties that he would trouble himself no more about the House Commons, but try to sleep quietly, he got up and dressed himself. This was between I and 2 o clock in the morning. At breakfast, Mr. Williams could talk of nothing but the dream; and carry the same morning he went to Falmouth, where he told the dream to all of his negative whom, he met dream to all of his acquaintance whom he met. Next day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accom-Next day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castie, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrior House on a visit. Mr. Williams told Mr. Tucker the circumstances of his dream, Mr. Tucker remerked that it could only be inside and that the Chancellor would be found in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Tucker asked what sort of man the Chancellor scemed to be, and Mr. Williams minutely described the man who was murdered in his dream. Mr. Tucker replied: "Your description is 1 of at all that of the Chancellor, but is very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor, but is very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer." He asked if Mr. Williams had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and Mr. Williams replied that he had never seen him or had any communication of any sort with him; and further, that he had never been in the House of Commons in his life.

life.

At this moment they heard the sound of a horse person had availed herselt of the opportunity afforded by the temporary absence of the owner to annex the article from the stand, "which analysely might have done," observed the mapector sententially; whit to effer it as security tor the forward live shillings was a stroke of genius. That girl has a center before her, if she does not get herself 'too soon."

\*\*SOCIETY IN ECUMANIA.\*\*

\*\*Prom The Comment and Swies Times.\*\*

The arts are as yet but slenderly entityated in Romannia, and the study of music, in particular, cannot be said to have advanced beyond the radimentary stage. Few floa annual ladies stug or play with any degree of profesency; and my experiences in Bucharest salous, to which musical performances are admitted as an element of social diversion, have penetrated me with the conviction that there is not a single fixt-class planoforte in the whole cirv, Even excentants of real merit, like the Pracess Jon Getka, appear content to play upon second and third-rate instruments, whitsi in the house of wealthy Boyars, whose names are bisorical landmarks, may be found to bjects bearing the aspect and dignified by the title of panofortes, which, considered as modiums for the promiction of mail-alsounds, have no more affinity to a Broadwood or a Binetiner than chinds to risk dominants, may be found to bjects bearing the aspect and dignified by the title of panofortes, which, considered as modiums for the promiction of mail-alsounds, have no more affinity to a Broadwood or a Binetine than chind's too-fiddle host to a Strativarans or an Amst. "A little music" seldem enters into the recreative programme of a Romannian sorie, and its omission therefrom saves the charty Boyars and Boyarins, whose resources in the way of patient of the production of mail-alsounds, have no more affinity to a Broadwood or a Binetine than chind's too-fiddle host to a Strativarans or the first parameters and the first parameters and the first parameters are admitted by the title of panofortes, which, considered as modiums for the produc

cating with that of their brother, when the elect awoke in a state of great agitation, and roused the other to tell her that she had had a frighted dream. "I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circum-stance you replied: 'Much worse than that has hap-pened; for — 's breath has stopped also,' "naming their sick brother. The watch, however, was found to be going correctly, and the brother was sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night; and on the following morning, one of the sisters having occasion to seal a note, went to get the watch from a writing desk in which she had deposited it, when she found it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remembering the dream, and found that he had been suddenly setzed with a 5t of suffocation, and had expired. (Abercrombia, "Intellectual Powers," pp. 289, 302.)

# DR. GILL AND THE OLD WOMAN.

From the Life of Spurgeon An old lady of his flock once called upon him with a grievance. The doctor's neck-bands were too lost for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she miniated that she had brought her selesors with her, and would be pleased if her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to the head down to her dear paster would allow her to be a down to her dear paster would allow her down the head down to her dear paster when the head down the head dow to cip them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon. Whon she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs, it was the doc-

satisfaction and returned the bibs, it was the bots turns.

"Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also," "Yes, that I will, declar; what can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter," "Indeed, dear sir, I will not bestate; what is it? here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

# A QUEER SUPERSTITION.

# From The Cornhill.

From The Cornhill.

The Burmese are an exceedingly superstition people and believe in good and evil spirits and omens of all kinds with a tenacity that not even conversion to Christianity will eradicate. One of the most curious is the belief that, according to the day of the week on which a man is born, so will his character be. Thus people born on Monday arical people is not not believed to the day of the week on calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, bot tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious. The matter is rendered all the mass serious, because a man gets his name from the day he was born on, without any reference to nistather appellation. He may change his name as much as he likes so long as he does not change the initial ietter of the essential portion.